

The TATLER and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXXXII. No. 2362

London
October 2, 1940



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LONDON

OCTOBER 2, 1946

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Postage: Inland 2d. Canada and Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.

Illustrated News

Price:

One Shilling and Sixpence

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Cecil Beaton

Dorothy Dickson in "Our Betters"

Somerset Maugham's play *Our Betters*, which was first produced at the Globe in 1923 and played for over 500 performances, is being revived at the Playhouse under Claude Soman's management by Ivor Novello. Dorothy Dickson, who has been on the London stage since 1921, takes the part originally played by Margaret Bannerman, and is shown here in the costume and setting of the 'twenties designed by Cecil Beaton for the new production. Others in the cast are Cathleen Nesbitt, Nuna Davey, George Woodbridge and Max Adrian. Cecil Beaton is now in the U.S.A. acting in *Lady Windermere's Fan*, in the London production of which Dorothy Hyson, Miss Dickson's daughter, plays a leading part



Portraits in Print

Simon Harcourt-Smith

It is saddening but fascinating to hear of a pitched battle between a handful of French troops and a horde of Siamese raiders a few weeks ago in the majestic ruins of Angkor. In 1941 the luckless Vichy Government were bullied by the Japanese into ceding a large slice of Cambodian territory, including the great rice-growing province of Battambang, to Siam, bringing the frontier to within a few kilometres of the ruins. It now seems likely that this territory will return to French Indo-China, but Siamese hotheads seem to be doing their best to prejudice the question by frontier raids.

Blood at Angkor

THE Grand Hotel near the ruins once echoed with the distinguished laughter of Café Society, and the groans of millionaires who loved to overtax their digestions with culture. Lately it has housed convalescing soldiers, and the families of a small detachment from the Legion, charged with guarding that part of the frontier.

The aim of the raiders (for whom the Bangkok Government naturally disavows all responsibility) was apparently to send an advance party into the hotel by way of the cellars. This band would open the front door and let in their confederates. A general massacre of the wounded, the women and the children was then to ensue. The Siamese calculated, it seems, that the French would be so bitterly enraged by the slaughter that they would immediately pursue the murderers across the frontier, violate Siamese territory, and so prejudice their case before the Hague International Court.

But the plan miscarried, an alarm was sent to Phnom-Penh, the lovely Cambodian capital 200 miles away. Meanwhile, till help came—almost in the manner of an old-fashioned "Western"—thirty rifles with no more than ten rounds each contrived to keep at bay a Siamese force of several hundreds, armed with Sten guns, a profusion of Japanese grenades, and "Molotov cocktails."

When the relief arrived, the surviving Siamese fell back for a last stand in the ruins of Angkor Wat. So, a battle, begun amongst the chromium of a hotel bar, ends in a temple

constructed perhaps a thousand years ago by the vanished race of Khmers, and like some pagan temple become a Christian church, dedicated first to the worship of Brahma, and then taken over by the Lord Buddha.

The sandstone terraces of Angkor Wat, the temple, and Angkor Thom, the royal capital of the Khmers, alongside it, rise above the green pile carpet which is the Cambodian forest, and can be seen for miles as you come over the hills from the east. If they did not tower so high, perhaps they would never have been found. The forest is thick with vanished towns of the humbler sort. You blunder upon them, hidden under ferns and lianas, only a few hundred yards from the magnificent "routes nationales" which the French have driven straight through the jungle. It is profitless to speculate upon the number of million beings Cambodia supported before calamity overcame the teeming cities, and the rains brought the annihilating green—"annihilating all that's made

to a green thought in a green shade." In the Cambodian forest there is no shade that is not green.

The Choice

"OBEDIENCE scattereth her poppy." All ruins, whose builders have left no descendants, even to misinterpret the work of their greater forebears, tend to set one moralizing in a fashion which must have been intolerable, even in the eighteenth century, when the nauseous habit was elevated almost to the rank of art. "Vanity, vanity . . ." Yes, but which is best, for your beautiful city to be engulfed by the jungle, to be buried like some film star beneath orchids; or for it to die like Hiroshima, lost in a bare countryside where the grass grows again like mangy fur, and the very soil may still emit harmful rays?

In ruins like Angkor, you do feel that the vanished inhabitants, however cruel and dangerous existence may have been at times, knew many moments of laughter, enjoyed their Technicolor dawns, and the precious moment when the yawning and stretching of innumerable monkeys seem to send a gale racing through the calm, majestic treetops. Yet a thousand years hence when some archaeological expedition, starved, as are all archaeological expeditions, for funds, cautiously scratches at

a corner of the rubble that covers London or New York, and has the inestimable luck to unearth a milk bar practically intact, and a very important frieze from one of Mr. Rank's cinemas, what sort of people will they reckon us to have been? Manic depressives, without a doubt, who brought on the final calamity through deliberate choice, because we were sick of existence.

Downward Path

AND they would be right. We have been working up to suicide for years—for 157 years to be exact. The French Revolution was the first step—like buying the overdose of sleeping draught at the chemist. As far as social reform was concerned, a Revolution was virtually unnecessary; the most important had already come peaceably in the years immediately preceding 1789; the rest would have followed naturally; the nobility was so badly organized, so eaten away by liberal theories, it would never have resisted. On the other hand if the Revolution's aim was to prise power out of rich hands, it might just as well never have happened. Think of all the hullabaloo in our lifetime over "les deux cent familles"! No, the Revolution took place because the eighteenth century, appalled by its own perfection, got suicide mania.

Nor did this melancholy fall at Waterloo. What the poet feels in one generation, the grocer feels in the next, and the tycoon in the one after. Behind the noisy optimism of Browning and Wagner, if you listen carefully you can hear the bell toll. By the end of the century the novels of Hardy, the music of Debussy, remind us openly that all is not quite well. And so at last we come to 1946, when most of us feel there's nothing left for the world but to write the farewell note—but who will be left to read it?—and then reach for the atomic rocket, in its new convenient capsule form. . . .

Perhaps, of course, like Pearl White from the alligator pool—or was it the cage of lions?—we shall still be rescued at the last moment. If there remains any chance of rescue, it lies, I believe, more with the English than with any other race. Our political sense so finely developed, that it amounts almost to genius: our ability, rare among races of Teutonic blood, to keep emotion clear of statecraft; and the very disillusion which makes us apparently so apathetic today may well help us keep our own and other people's heads in the black years to come.

The one thing one must not do, the one sin against the Light, is to declare, as I have heard at least one charming young couple of my acquaintance, that England is finished, and



October in Conference according to WYSARD

that they intend to go and live in the States so soon as currency restrictions are abolished. I abhor fanatical patriotism, I want to see national sovereignties merged into a Federal State—if only of Western Europe—but if one is loyal to nothing but material comfort, “having oneself one whale of a good time” and “going G-A-Y,” one will end up as an allegorical figure of Café Society brooding slightly askew over the debris of an annihilated Palm Beach. It is in England and France and the Low Countries and Italy that civilization may be saved. We know how to go about it, for we have done it before. . . .

Fire Enthusiasm

RECENTLY I came upon one of the more curious collections I have encountered in my life—a collection of the signs that fire insurance companies until about a century ago, I suppose, fixed on to the houses of their clients. Fire insurance which began properly in 1680, as a direct result of the Great Fire, it is said, for long imposed upon the companies the obligation to put out any fire that ravaged their clients' houses. In those days of moribund municipal government, each great insurance company was compelled to organize its own fire brigade. But of course there could be no question of, let's say, the Sun Fire Brigade putting out a fire that belonged by rights to the Westminster. And to prevent indiscriminate fire-fighting, plaques bearing the name of the appropriate company were fixed to the insured buildings.

This collection of insurance plaques illustrates how exactly the same process has gone on in insurance as in the banks—the gobbling up of small regional enterprises by the great monopolistic monsters of London. An inevitable process, I suppose, but how it facilitates the task of the nationalizers! Super-capitalism leads inevitably to State Socialism. But only we few seem to realize it. . . .

Ambition

To return to the collection. It has been formed by the chief of a fire brigade who is filled with an admirable pride and interest in his office. Much longer than the engine-driver phase did the ambition linger with me to slide down a pole at the call of a harsh bell, and cramming on my brass helmet to race through dark streets towards the dire glare. Having rescued the beautiful princess just before the roof fell in, I would go back against all advice to get a kitten that was mewing piteously, cut off by the flames. The smoke would overcome me twice, but I would battle through, and come to in a ducky hospital, the kitten purring on my pillow.

Film Critic JAMES AGATE
Is Still Away On Leave, But-

The Smoke Goes Up The Chimney Just The Same

■ Commentary ■

THE position now is (I said to Harry Watt) that if I don't get a gun we shall have no peas and very few plums. I am prepared to subscribe to the view that the squirrel is a charming, a gay and an amusing little creature; but these considerations lose their point when ones' garden is daily robbed in the most appalling and barefaced manner. Harry, have you a gun?

He said, Yes, he had.

Your correspondent now deposes: the gun, with ammunition (and licence), was handed over. One shot only was fired from it—a practice-shot at an apple. No squirrels have since that moment been in my garden. The peas were saved and have now been eaten; the plums also were saved. The squirrel is an intelligent animal. Mr. Harry Watt is an intelligent man.

But is he a good director of films? Yes. In my view he is a good director of films, and in *The Overlanders* (which he wrote and directed) he supplies the evidence. Let us praise Harry, therefore, and give him encouragement. Too few of our young men have either his ability or his courage. They talk too much and do too little. Whereas Harry talks too little (for my liking) and does almost too much. A man who can point to *Britain at Bay*, *Britain Can Take It*, *Christmas Under Fire* and *Tarjet for Tonight* and say, "I made them," ought to let us hear his voice a bit more often.

IN respect of *The Overlanders* Harry says: "Two years ago I landed in Australia with a suitcase and an ambition to make a film there. I had a mandate from my boss, Michael Balcon of Ealing Studios, to choose my own subject, and a telegram in my pocket from John Curtin, the Prime Minister, saying the Australian Government would help me in every way.

"My mandate agreed that I'd take three preliminary months getting to know the country. This was my initial mistake. Because Australia is not a country—it's a continent. I spent five months as a war correspondent, hopping lifts in R.A.A.F. planes and flying 30,000 miles and I only saw a quarter of it.

"I soon decided that an outdoor action picture was the film to make, because of the sunshine, the marvellous locations and the fine outback Australian types that live in the 'bush.' After five bosh shots at a story, I found my subject in the Federal Food Office! In 1943, when Japanese invasion seemed inevitable, scorched earth and space became Australia's final weapon. The Northern Territory, largest undeveloped region in the world, 550,000 square miles of cattle country, with a population of 1,000,000 head of cattle but only 5,000 whites, had to be evacuated.

"The whites were easy. The cattle were not. But it was done. And there began the

greatest mass migration in history. From small beginnings, the mobs of cattle poured across Australia in an unending flood. And this meant moving them 2,000 miles—the distance from London to Moscow!

"I took this idea and fictionalized it as far as the characters were concerned. I have told the story of one mob of 1,000 cattle and the people who drove it. They were the first mob, the pathfinders, the people who blazed the trail. Like all pioneers they were laughed at. At first no one would join them. So it was the sheer guts and determination of Dan McAlpine, the boss of the outfit, that made him collect a raw inexperienced gang and set off into the blue on what looked like a hopeless adventure. And that is what the film is, a romantic but real adventure story.

"We have an all-Australian cast. And we have two real discoveries. Chips Rafferty, as Dan McAlpine the boss drover, is Australia's Gary Cooper. Six foot six inches high, he's had forty-two jobs in his life. He's a real tough outback type. But he's also a magnificent actor. So much so that Ealing have placed him under contract. And Daphne Campbell, a twenty-year-old army nurse, in her first film part, not only epitomizes the beauty of Australia's young women, but is an outstanding horsewoman.

"When we'd finished the scripting and casting, I took the big decision to shoot the whole film in the Northern Territory itself. This meant overcoming great organizational difficulties. But I've never regretted it. For the first time, a complete film unit went into the heart of Australia. And for the first time we've been able to show the uncanny beauty of the real Australia, with its limitless horizons, sudden craggy mountains, and the unending fascination of the truly wide-open spaces.

"OUR first location was Alice Springs, 1,500 miles from our centre, Sydney. We lived in an army camp, on army rations, which included two bottles of beer a week. We had a complete production unit, with office staff and a portable projector to see our rushes.



Harry Watt, who went to Australia to direct "The Overlanders"

We owned 1,000 head of cattle and eighty horses. We worked six days a week, eleven hours a day. We drove to and from locations in the backs of army trucks over dusty cattle tracks, often doing forty miles a day. We built roads, stockades, aerodromes and film sets ourselves. We made the film the good old hard way. We had none of the film trickery to help us. All the actors took part in all the scenes themselves. We had no doubles or back projection. In one scene, where a river has to be swum, every actor swam fully clothed beside his horse in the middle of 1,000 head of cattle.

"We had accidents of course. One actor nearly removed his left eye with a stock whip. We flew him a thousand miles to an eye specialist. Chips Rafferty, while breaking a wild horse for the film, had it fall on him. But he got up smiling. And so on. Somehow we got through, and it was worth it. Whatever can be said about the film it is authentic. And I think that's what the public like.

"We spent four and a half months in the Northern Territory. Our last location was a mere 800 miles from our first. We'd travelled 60,000 vehicle miles. We'd exhausted ourselves and our animals. But we'd got a film. Now it's finally out and John Ireland has written us some really exciting music for it.

"I'm planning and hoping to go out to Australia again and make some more films. In the Dominions is the chance for the British film industry, already with its tail up, to consolidate its position *vis-a-vis* Hollywood. The outdoor action picture, shot in real exteriors, has always been an American monopoly. We can challenge this monopoly in our Dominion films. And more importantly, we can interchange a knowledge of each other's countries, which is still sadly lacking.

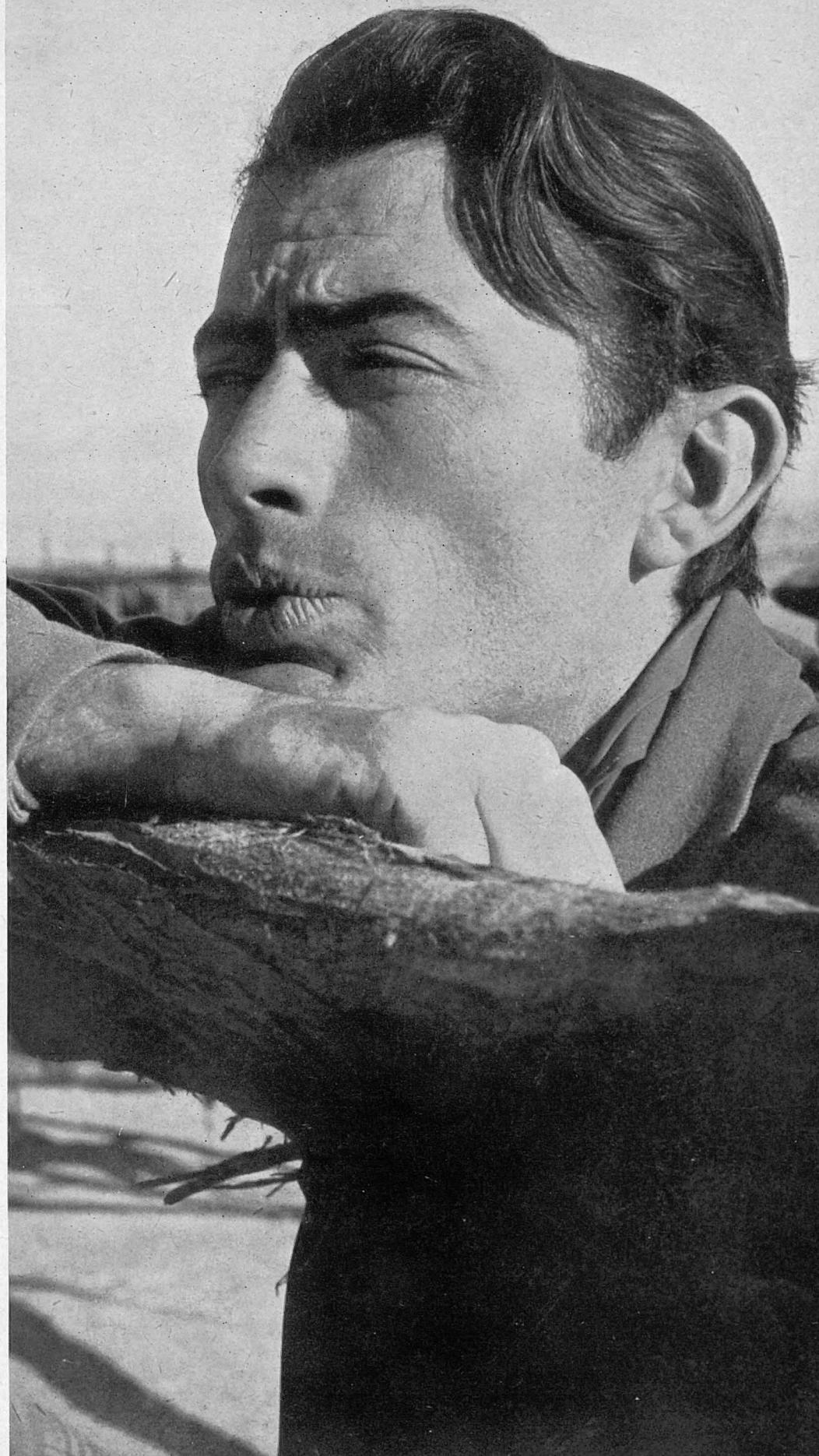
"By creating a solid foundation to a film industry in a young country like Australia we can establish the cultural roots that transform a country into a nation. By exchanging ideologies we can smooth our differences. And finally and practically, we can re-invest the monies earned by British films, thus creating employment and national income, instead of transferring it back to London, as American money goes back to Hollywood.

"I hope this Empire film idea comes off, because I'm willing to stake my career and future on it."

* * *

SOME little time ago in *The Tatler* I wrote of Miss Freda Jackson, the star of the play *No Room at the Inn*. The Northampton Repertory Players have now written, most courteously, suggesting that the article which sought to tell the tale of Freda's very hard life before she became a star, might be misunderstood in some respects. I wish to put this right.

No such reflection whatever upon the Northampton Repertory Players and their directors was intended or would be justified. They had no knowledge of Miss Jackson's private resources during the time of her studentship, were in no way responsible for the hardship and illness which Miss Jackson suffered, and did not behave in any harsh way towards her at any time. I referred to the company as the "Robert Young Repertory Company" as Mr. Young was the producer at the time, but it is pointed out that I should have referred to it as the Northampton Repertory Theatres Resident Company. And in saying that "Thereafter she played leads," I did not, of course, infer that Miss Jackson became the only leading lady of the company. As is well known, in repertory companies any actor or actress may have the lead one week and a minor part the next. S. F.



A New Role for Gregory Peck

In his comparatively recent rise to fame, Gregory Peck has had some varied leading parts to his credit. His first was in A. J. Cronin's *The Keys of the Kingdom* as the courageous Catholic priest, followed by the role of Paul in *The Valley of Decision*, and lately he was the suspected murderer in Alfred Hitchcock's much discussed psychological drama *Spellbound*. Now in David O. Selznick's *Duel in the Sun* he is a reckless adventurer with a desire for political power. This is the story of a cattle empire in south-west Texas in the early 1880s and is in Technicolor. It has an all-star cast which includes Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten, Lionel Barrymore, Herbert Marshall and Lillian Gish.

The Theatre

"Fools Rush In" (Fortune)

M R. KENNETH HORNE takes us on a very happy excursion into the Esther McCracken country. It lies, of course, in one of the Home Counties where everybody is recognizably like ourselves, whether we be rather well-to-do or rather bare and busy, and weekends and weddings would all be "quiet" if things did not go, as things are apt to go even in the Home Counties, a little wrong. All that is wrong with the wedding in this instance is the last-minute unwillingness of the bride to go through with the ceremony.

Pam has not suddenly suspected the bridegroom of having a past, or anything so far-fetched as that; she continues to think of Joe as a poppet; but she has been reading the marriage service and realizes for the first time the utter finality of marriage. So she emerges from the summer house, in all the glory of white satin and orange blossom, to say that she must have time to look before she leaps. "Just nerves!" snaps the incredulous mama, but the old nurse dissolves into tears. She knows that look in the child's eye.

POOR flustered mama tries to explain that the prayer book must not be taken too seriously, and that, anyway, there is in life a certain irreducible minimum of risk that any girl must take. Unhappily, she has not made a success of her own marriage, and the presence of the somewhat pompous gentleman whom she intends to make her second husband, scarcely gives a fair chance to her argument that if Pam is sure that she loves her Joe the risk that she will ever cease to love him is practically negligible.

There is nothing for it but to vilify Pam's father. The picture of him as a dipsomaniac, a drug addict, and a wife-beater, seems to make some impression on the child, and then, of course, the blackguard himself walks in. He has come to see his daughter married. Outwardly he is not in the least blackguardly, shows none of the expected ravages of drink or drugs; indeed, his pleasantly humorous manner piques Pam's fancy, and that clinches the matter. The wedding bells peal out: let them peal! There will be no wedding today.

The author owes much to his producer, Mr. Richard Bird, who sees to it that the neat jokes lose nothing by languid stagecraft. He owes still more to Miss Glynis Johns. She gives the hesitating bride a deliciously cool charm, and the inquiring mind seems perfectly expressed in the husky voice which has an attractive way of breaking its cadences at the appropriate moment.

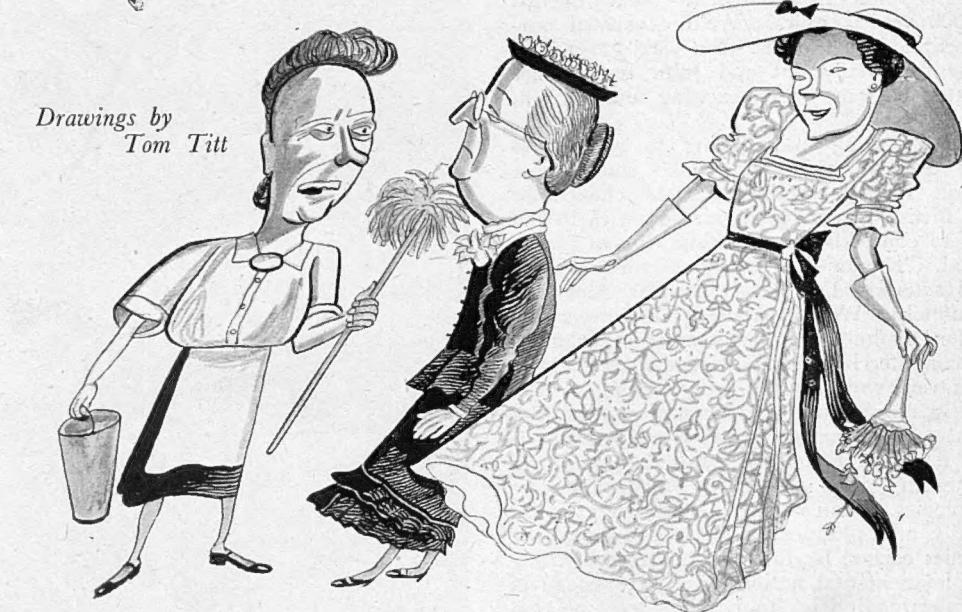
THE story may be a poor one, but it is very amusingly told. It is also very amusingly presented. Miss Joyce Barbour and Mr. Bernard Lee are the parents who can agree perfectly on the big matters, but are doomed to quarrel violently over trivialities. Mr. Hugh Dempster as the good-natured ass, Miss Jessica Spencer as the foolish virgin, Mr. Derek Farr as the bridegroom made to suffer a week of purgatorial fires, and Miss Josephine Middleton as the good old servant all have middling parts, but each has a decent share of the abundant jokes and sees to it that they go off pop-bang!

ANTHONY COOKMAN

The bride who decided to think it over at the last minute (Glynis Johns) and her furious fiance (Derek Farr)



*Drawings by
Tom Titt*



The daily woman (Iris Vandeleur) has a few kind words with the housekeeper (Josephine Middleton), while the bridesmaid (Jessica Spencer) feels rather superfluous



The uninvited guest (Bernard Lee) and the prospective bridegroom of the bride's mother (Hugh Dempster) give each other some assistance



The bride's mother (Joyce Barbour) who finds her hands full with an undecided daughter and her own wedding in prospect



Angus McBean

EILEEN HERLIE

Eileen Herlie as the tragic queen in Jean Cocteau's *The Eagle Has Two Heads*, produced by Murray Macdonald at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, has made an overnight success which will go down as one of the most spectacular in contemporary theatrical history. In this long and exacting role she has a speech of 2,882 words which lasts for 21 consecutive minutes. Only an actress of exceptional emotional range and technique could bring such a part to life, and by doing so Miss Herlie proves her title to be a great actress. She first came to London, determined to act, with only £35 in her pocket, and toured for some time until she was engaged as leading lady for the Liverpool Old Vic 1944-45 season. Then she made her first London appearance at the Lyric, Hammersmith, as Andromache in *The Trojan Women*, which earned her immediate praise. This was followed by the lady of quality who took to drink in *The Time of Your Life*, and Alcestis in the satirical comedy *The Thracian Horses*. It was Murray Macdonald, armed only with Eileen Herlie's photograph, and complete faith in her future as a dramatic actress, who persuaded M. Cocteau to allow his play to have its first production in this country.



Capt. C. Cross, Miss M. Cross and Mr. and Mrs. H. M. O. Knox find that on a warm day the lily-pond makes a perfect grand stand from which to watch the approach to the eighteenth hole

“*The Tatler*” Goes to . . .

THE WILDERNESSE COUNTRY CLUB

FOR the past twenty years The Wildernesse, a lovely Jacobean mansion at Seal, near Sevenoaks, Kent, has been used as a country club. Since it was built in 1650 the house and its setting have become a recognised Kent beauty spot. It was raised on the site of a monastery said to have been used after the Reformation as a country house by Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, and has itself seen many changes. In the eighteenth century it was owned by the Marquess of Camden, whose family retained it for about a century. Later it was purchased by Lord Hillington, and during the war Guy's Hospital was evacuated there.

It is now owned by Mr. G. E. Fawcett, who is also captain of the Wildernesse Golf Club. Recently the club held its tenth open competition for the Bishop's Bowl. There were over 100 entries and the best score was made by Mr. Gerald Mickleham, who returned 75—81. The course is delightfully laid out, and spectators can watch the play under conditions of the greatest comfort.

Being on the raiders' route, The Wildernesse did not escape war damage, for a bomb fell on the terrace overlooking the eighteenth hole of the course.



Mr. G. E. Fawcett, who is owner of *The Wildernes* and captain of the Golf Club



Study in concentration as Annabel Mansell partners her father in a game of tennis



Winner of the Bishop's Bowl, Mr. Gerald Mickleham, drives off on the golf course, which is near the house



A happy family on their way to the tennis courts : Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Mansell and their daughters, Annabel and Susan



Mr. Stuart Cameron (centre), ex-captain of the Golf Club, with his wife and Mr. Gerald Mickleham



Spectators watching the driving-off from the first have an open-air gallery which is an ideal vantage point



Lady Caroline Montagu-Douglas-Scott is the younger daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch. Her sister, the former Lady Elizabeth Montagu-Douglas-Scott, married the Duke of Northumberland in June of this year



The Hon. Mrs. Andrew Elphinstone is a lady-in-waiting to Princess Elizabeth and married this year the Hon. Andrew Elphinstone, younger son of Lord and Lady Elphinstone, and a nephew of the Queen. She is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Hambro



Mrs. Martin Bolton is the only daughter of the late Mr. Charles Kennaway, of Kenwood Park, Auchterarder, Perthshire, and of Dr. Marjorie Kennaway, of Hertford. She married Mr. Martin Bolton this year

Jennifer writes HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

TAKING advantage of their return to London for the opening of the "Britain Can Make It" Exhibition, Their Majesties planned a number of other engagements, both official and private, for their short two days and a night stay at Buckingham Palace. The Prime Minister, whom the King had not seen for seven weeks, was the most important of the official visitors, and His Majesty had an opportunity of discussions with several other of his Ministers at a Privy Council.

But the most picturesque and romantic figure to call at the Palace was Lt.-Gen. Sir Krishna Shumsher Jung Banadur Rana, who commanded the Nepalese Contingent during the war. He flew to this country on a mission from the King of Nepal, to invest His Majesty with the insignia of a Commanding General in the Nepalese Army—a distinction and a mark of the close and cordial relations still existing between the proud people of Nepal and this country, which has a special significance in these troublesome days. General Rana also brought an honour for the Queen, to whom he presented, on behalf of the King of Nepal, the insignia of the Order of Rajanya, an order very rarely bestowed outside Nepal.

ADVANCE GUARD

BEFORE going back to Balmoral for the rest of their holiday, both the King and Queen found time to make a start with their personal preparations for the tour of South Africa next year. Though February still seems a long way off, the fact that the "advance guard" of the Royal party, in the shape of Lt.-Col. Sir Piers Legh, the Master of the Household, and Air/Cdr. "Mouse" Fielden, have already flown over to the Union is an indication that not too much time is left for arrangements.

The small number of the staff accompanying the Royal travellers—only ten members of the Household are to travel—has occasioned some surprise, but it was always the King's intention to keep the numbers down to the essentials, and as the Imperial Crown is not being taken out for His Majesty to wear at the opening of the South African Parliament, there is no necessity for the Lord Chamberlain, or any of his officials, to make the journey.

Another visitor to Balmoral, whom both Their Majesties are looking forward to meeting again, is Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, who is coming with his wife and their only son, Capt. John Eisenhower. Between the King and the Allied Supreme Commander relations were of the most cordial kind during the war, though there was little time in those heroic days left for "Ike" Eisenhower to devote to social affairs or private life. This time the General will be freer to talk on other matters besides high military strategy and logistics.

CHILEAN EMBASSY RECEPTION

TO celebrate the Chilean National Day, the Chilean Ambassador and Mme. Bianchi held a reception at the Embassy in Hamilton Place. A charming and gracious host and hostess, a lovely house with beautiful flowers in all the rooms, delicious refreshments, and intellectual and interesting guests of many nationalities ensured that this party was a really brilliant success.

The Ambassador received the guests in the fine drawing-room on the first floor with his lovely wife. Mme. Bianchi wore a short black dress with a spray of flowers pinned on her corsage, and told me they had hoped it would be a fine evening to enable guests to enjoy the garden, but, alas, it was one of the all too many wet evenings we have had so frequently of late. Many members of the Diplomatic Corps were

at the party, and among those I saw were the Brazilian Ambassador and Mme. Aragao, who had held a reception in their Embassy the previous evening in honour of the Brazilian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Senhor Joao Neves da Fontoura. Mme. MacEachen came alone, as the Uruguayan Ambassador was unable to attend.

I also saw the Ambassadors of Portugal, Belgium and Peru, and the Danish Minister, who was accompanied by Countess Reventlow. Monsieur Reugger came on late from the Swiss Planning Exhibition. Sir George and Lady Frankenstein were greeting many old friends, as were Sir Henry and Lady Chilton, who have spent several years in South America, where Sir Henry was Ambassador to Chile from 1930-33 and Ambassador to the Argentine for two years until he was appointed to Madrid in 1935. The Spanish Ambassador was there with Mme. de Las Barcenas, and other members of the Spanish Embassy I met were the Duke of Luna, who told me the Duchess was not yet back from Spain, where she has been to visit her family, and the Marquis of Santa Cruz with his chic and attractive wife.

Mr. Ernest Bevin looked in for a short while and was in great form. Mr. Heaton Nicholls was an early arrival, and so were the High Commissioner of Canada, Marie Marchioness of Willingdon, Prince and Princess Galitzine and Viscount and Viscountess Davidson.

MORE OF THE GUESTS

THE Countess of Midleton looked nice in brown velvet, and near by I saw Kathleen Countess of Drogheda, wearing an original feathered hat. Mme. de Bittencourt was with her daughter, Mrs. George Phillipi, and her two attractive granddaughters, Lady Gloria Fisher and Miss Georgina Phillipi, the latter in a scarlet dress with no hat. Lord Vaughan also joined the family party. Don Leon Subercascaux I saw with his two attractive daughters, Paz and Joan, who have just returned from the South of France, where they have been staying for the past four months.

I also met that jovial American Admiral Hewitt, who has made so many friends during his appointment here. He and his wife are shortly returning to the States. Admiral King was at the party with his attractive daughter, Mary. Another American I met who is leaving us shortly, and will be greatly missed by his friends, was Mr. Dorsay Fisher, who has been at the American Embassy in London for over five years and is going to take up a post in Mexico.

After receiving their guests upstairs, the Ambassador and Mme. Bianchi descended to the ground-floor rooms. There I saw Mme. Bianchi's attractive sister, Miss Georgette Hart, who was helping to entertain the guests, Countess Sagastan, Sir Thomas Cook, the Earl and Countess of Howe, Lord Foley, Lady Ovey and her daughter Mary, Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha and Sir Ronald and Lady Cross. Others enjoying this brilliant reception were Cdr. and Lady Muriel Derek Jones with Lady Carden and her son, Sir John Carden, for whom she gave a charming and informal party at her flat in Down Street the following evening, with dancing and a delicious fork supper. Others at the reception were Lady Dashwood, Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Lord Queenborough, the Marquess and Marchioness of Willingdon, Mme. Simopoulos, Lady Moncrieffe and her daughter, Capt. Patrick Higgins, Baron Roth, Lady Allardyce, Lady Sasso, Sir Richard Nosworthy, Sir Basil Newton and Monseñor Cifuentes, the Archbishop of La Serena. (Photographs of this party next week.)

AIRBORNE PREMIÈRE

SOLDIERS in red berets, all survivors of Arnhem, formed a guard of honour in the foyer of the Gaumont Cinema for the *première* of *Theirs is the Glory*, a wonderful film depicting the epic of Arnhem. As the audience arrived one could feel the tenseness of the evening, for one knew many of them had sorrow in their hearts, and were about to see a film which gives a vivid picture of the whole operation, where so many of their nearest relatives had so gallantly given their lives. Before the film started, Lady Dovedale, chairman of the *première* committee, went on the stage and announced that the *première* had raised over £8000 for the Airborne Security Fund.

In the audience I saw the Prime Minister with Mrs. Attlee and one of their daughters, and Mr. Ernest Bevin. Lt.-Gen. Sir Frederick Browning, who was the Deputy Commander of the First Allied Airborne Army at the time of Arnhem, was chatting to Lady Waddilove. Lady Throckmorton, wearing a magnificent platina fox jacket over her evening dress, was there with her young son, Charles Smith-Bingham. Also there were Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Tedder, Gen. van Voorst Evenink, of the Netherlands, Mrs. Charles Sweeny, Mr. Paul Warburg, Baron Bentinck, Mrs. Perse Hudson, Mr. and Mrs. Eveleigh Nash, who brought a party, the Earl and Countess of Hopetoun, and Brig. Spafford:

SWISS EXHIBITION

THE exhibition of Swiss Planning and Building being shown until October 26th at the Royal Institute of British Architects is extremely interesting and instructive. Swiss architects have aimed to combine the traditional with the new in their planning. I was especially interested in the section called Health of the Community, where you can see modern mountain- and ski-huts, open-air baths, sports grounds, charming holiday houses and restaurants, all picturesquely built, as well as the most modern experiments in hospital buildings. The attractive wooden houses that are on show might give an inspiration to prospective builders here!

H.E. the Swiss Minister received the guests at the opening, and among those I found going around the exhibits were Sir Hartley Shawcross, Lord and Lady Latham, Mr. Noel Carrington, the industrial designer, the Polish Ambassador, and the Chinese Ambassador, who had only to cross the road from the Chinese Embassy. Sir Walter Lamb, the secretary of the Royal Academy, was there with Lady Lamb, and a little farther on were Sir William Reid Dick, the Saudi Arabian Minister and the Lord Mayor of London.

A BONFIRE CELEBRATION

IN the Western Highlands—and islands—I hear that there have been great rejoicings in the "Cameron country" over the birth of a son to Sir Donald Cameron of Lochiel's heir, Lt.-Col. Donald Hamish Cameron, and his wife, the former Miss Margot Gathorne Hardy. By way of celebrating the good news the employees on the chief's Inverness-shire estate near Fort William lit an immense bonfire on the hill above Clunes Lodge, which could be seen for miles around. Lochiel and Lady Hermione Cameron and their youngest son, Charles, were there, and the tenants ended the evening by lustily singing the "March of the Cameron Men."

Over on the island of Mull there have been more rejoicings. There were over 300 people at the dance given at Torosay Castle by Mrs. Miller, of Craignure, to celebrate the joint coming-of-age of her son, Lt. David James, and his sister, Moira. Lt. James served in the R.N.V.R. during the war, was taken prisoner, and later made a remarkable escape to this country. He succeeded to the Torosay estate on the death of his grandmother, Mrs. Murray Guthrie, last year. Guests at the Torosay ball included Miss Zoe d'Erlanger of Invercauld, Lady Scott of Glenaros and her sons, David and Michael, Col. "Bertie" and Mrs. de Klee of Auchnacraig, and young Lady Maclean of Duart, whose little son, Lachlan, invited all the children in the Lochdon and Craignure district to his fourth-birthday party the other day.



Major-General Lord Hutchison of Montrose, hon. treasurer of the Liberal National Organisation, was one of those in hunting pink



Lord John Hope, M.P., who is the Marquess of Linlithgow's younger son, with the Duke of Norfolk



The Earl of Rosebery, steward of the meeting, whose horse, Parhelion, ran second in the Caledonian Hunt Cup, Mr. J. Marr and Jack Jarvis



The Duchess of Roxburghe, who is the youngest daughter of the late Marquess of Crewe, with Mrs. Girouard



The Earl and Countess of Lauderdale, with their daughter, Lady Sylvia Carew, and their daughter-in-law, Viscountess Maitland

Caledonian Hunt Meeting

was windy but fine, and the course was in excellent condition, even if a little heavy after recent rain. The Caledonian Hunt Cup of £500 was won by Mr. G. Barbour's Happy Monarch, trained by F. Armstrong and ridden by E. Britt. There were three runners in this 1 mile 7 furlongs race

The link between racing and hunting was vividly in evidence at the autumn meeting of the Royal Caledonian and Edinburgh. Traditionally the members of the Royal Caledonian Hunt attend on the opening day in their bright-pink coats and top-hats, in picturesque contrast to the racing colours on the other side of the rails. At this year's meeting at Musselburgh the weather



Lady Grant, formerly Miss Priscilla Thomson, with her elder daughter Joanna, came over from her house, Abersnithack Lodge, Monymusk.



Captain Robin Fogg Elliot and his wife. Their small daughter, Sylvia, was selling buttonholes.



The Marchioness of Huntly, formerly the Hon. Pamela Berry, and the Hon. Mrs. E. Langton Iliffe, wife of Lord Iliffe's heir



The fête in progress at Haddo House. It is part of an estate of 14,000 acres and was used as a hospital during the war. The view seen is the entrance front of the main block, built in 1732 by Baxter, a contemporary of the Adam brothers.

THE LAIRD OF HADDO GIVES A GARDEN FÊTE

A Gay Occasion in Aberdeenshire

Photographed and Told by Brodrick Haldane

THE magnificent grounds of Haddo House made an ideal setting recently for an immense garden fête held in aid of Scottish Youth Hostels. This extremely successful event was most ably organised by Major David Gordon, the young Laird of Haddo and son of Lord Dudley Gordon, to whom his uncle, the Marquess of Aberdeen and Temair, made over the property two years ago.

Major and Mrs. Gordon and other members of the family, including the Marquess and Marchioness of Aberdeen, and Lord Dudley Gordon, presided over a running buffet-lunch at the house, where more than eighty of their friends from all over the county assembled before the opening of the fête.

Stallholders and committee members arrived before noon to prepare for the great influx of people who, encouraged by the sunshine after days of torrential rain, later converged upon Haddo by every conceivable form of transport. On the lawns innumerable marquees held such varied attractions as dog and baby shows, and a dancing competition, judged by Lord Sempill's younger sister, Dr. the Hon.



The Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair (right), who helped with the buffet, and Mrs. Anne Wingfield-Stratford



The Marquess of Aberdeen and Temair, uncle of the Laird, with Mrs. H. G. Brown, Commandant of the Fraserburgh V.A.D.



Mr. Francis Cameron-Head of Inveralort, one of the finest sporting properties in Inverness-shire, and Miss Barbara Vincent-Jones



Mr. Archie Gordon, younger son of Lord Dudley Gordon and brother of the Laird of Haddo, was also at the fête



Elisabeth Forbes-Sempill, organiser-in-chief of the "Dancers of Don." A speed-boat, loaned by Sir Ian Forbes-Leith of Fyvie, provided an additional thrill on the lake.

Little Sylvia Fogg Elliot did an excellent trade with her trays of buttonholes, and among the saleswomen were the Marchioness of Aberdeen at the "white elephant" counter, the Viscountess Cowdray at the produce stall, Mrs. John Crombie of Goval, and Miss Jean Hamilton of Skene and her mother.

OTHERS present during the afternoon were the Marchioness of Huntly, who came over from her house near Aberdeen, where she and her husband are living until they can move into Aboyne Castle; Lord and Lady Belhaven and their two small daughters; the Hon. Mrs. Langton Iliffe; Miss Christina Munro-Mackenzie with her sister, who have taken Lady Cargill's cottage at Aboyne, where they weave the most entrancing tweeds on their loom; Mr. Francis Cameron-Head of Inveralort; Lady Grant from Monymusk, and Sir Francis Dalrymple.

Mrs. David Gordon, formerly Miss June Bossier, and Miss Mary Forbes-Leith, daughter of Sir Ian and Lady Forbes-Leith, of Fyvie Castle, Aberdeenshire

PRISCILLA in PARIS

"Boulestin's . . . entertaining biography"



H.E. the Minister for Saudi Arabia and Lady Goold-Adams, widow of Sir Hamilton Goold-Adams, G.C.M.G., C.B.



Mme. Viteri Lafonte, wife of the Minister for Ecuador, Mme. Orozco, wife of the Mexican Naval Attaché, Mme. Jimenez O'Farrill, wife of the Mexican Ambassador, and Mme. Calderon



H.E. the Mexican Ambassador, Dr. F. Jimenez O'Farrill, and Mme. Zorilla de San Martin, from Uruguay, at the celebration which was held at the Mexican Embassy

Mexican Independence Day Celebration

. . . a party in a parlour?
Crammed just as they on earth were crammed—
Some sipping punch, some sipping tea . . .
But, as you by their faces see . . .

PERHAPS it would be as well, however, not to finish the quotation, since the "they" I am thinking of were certainly not "all silent," and, I sincerely hope, not "all damned." The parlour was the Galerie des Glaces at Versailles, and the party was the one given this week by the Government to the Conference delegates and their satellites.

I would like to be able to rave about the lovely scene in its magnificent setting, but the prettiest frocks of to-day are but drab affairs compared to the laces and brocades worn with such grace and dignity by the Roi Soleil's fair ladies; and is there anything less romantic and picturesque than a lounge suit, especially when the wearer does not believe in the occasional use of a hot iron. But the fountains played and the bands blared, and the music of the waters consoled us for . . . well, whatever else we may not have cared for. Of recent years the *grandes eaux* of Versailles have had no occasion to play, and the beauty of those silvery plumes of water, sparkling in the sunshine and falling in wind-flung cascades of iridescent lace, came to me anew and moved me extremely.

ANOTHER moving sight, but of quite a different order of emotion, was the buffet. Minister Yves Farge, who is tearing his hair with sorrow because of the shortage of milk and his inability to give the children their chocolate ration this month, must have been amazed. Such richness. Such *petits fours* and éclairs and cream-cakes and *puits d'amour* and ices and sandwiches of *foie gras*, and, oh, well, think of all the nice snacks in the world and multiply by a hundred!

There must have been a good deal of gate-crashing or else over-many invitations were sent out, since even the Galerie des Glaces could hardly contain the crowd. As I hate a crush, and had returned to the garden after one horrified peep, I was not present when, it seems, towards the end of the party, the competent guardians of the Palace became fearful lest the fine old parquetry flooring in front of the buffet should fail to stand the strain. What was to be done? A hurried consultation took place. How on earth could the crowd be thinned-out without causing a panic? The head *maître-d'hôtel* saved the situation. A few minutes later the remaining dishes vanished from the buffet . . . and so did the crowd.

IHAVE been reading the late X. Marcel Boulestin's delightful book, *A Londres Naguère*, that was recently published by Arthème Fayard. It is the most entertaining biography I have read for years. He speaks of his early childhood and his adolescence at Poitiers. This is a part of the world that I know well, since it is not terribly far from the taking-off place to my island. Lovers of France who read these opening chapters will close their eyes, and all the sights and sounds and scents of that peaceful, gracious and happy city will surge up in their memory and make their hearts beat a little faster; perhaps even there will be a little tingling burn beneath their eyelids, for there is nothing more moving than the remembrance of old towns where life was kindly.

And, oh! Marcel's descriptions of the old Perigordian kitchen in his father's house—the Poitiers home was that of his grandmother—these are word pictures as richly colourful as a Franz Hals. His early days, when, as a young provincial, he arrives in Paris and becomes Gauthier-Villar's secretary, are most amusing. Life in the Willy-Colette household was, to say

the least, unconventional and *mouvementée*. Then comes London—the lovely London of 1908 to 1914. *Dieu, que la vie était belle alors*. He tells the charming story about the lady of the Edwardian Age whose butler, after only twenty years in her service, suddenly realises that his mistress never takes cheese. He decides, therefore, to omit this item of the menu. "Is there no cheese?" enquires the lady. Hurriedly the man hastens to rectify his error and presents the cheese. "No, thank you," says the lady. Dear Marcel, how he must have chuckled when he wrote that.

THE first *première* of the autumn theatrical season took place this week at the Comédie des Champs Elysées. This is the theatre that combines exercise that is both physical and intellectual. It lives on the fifth floor of the great building that houses the big Théâtre des C.E. and the small Studio ditto, and since the lift that is supposed to waft one to the roof has been out of order for the last seven years, one has to "walk up." An excellent after-dinner jerk!

This time there is less exercise for the intellect, since the play is a not very good translation of *You Can't Take It With You*, of which the film version has had such a long run over here. But whatever has been done with the text, the farce remains, and I foresee many delighted audiences shouting with glee over the lady who writes plays because a typewriter had been left at her house, by mistake, many years earlier. It seems that the people who live near the theatre are not any too pleased at the explosions that occur throughout the evening, when two of the gay lunatics of the Sycamore family let off the fireworks with which they are experimenting in the Sycamore cellar and nearly blow themselves and the Sycamore cats to bits.

The French actor, Jean D'Yd, who plays the part created on the screen by Lionel Barrymore, was declared, by the film fans who were present at this first performance, to have "exactly the same voice" as the American actor. These good people, who evidently are not very much *au fait* of matters of the cinema, and who had seen and heard the French—or "dubbed"—version of the film, did not know, or realise, that though they had seen him act, they had not heard Barrymore's voice at all, but simply that of Jean D'Yd, who happens to be the actor who "dubbed" the part.

First-night audiences have greatly changed in Paris. The butchers and bakers and candle-stick-makers who supply the "props" were content, in the old days, to be mentioned in the programme. Now they stipulate for the stage box.

Voilà!

• Suzy Prim, the brilliant star of the Folies Bergère Revue, has a dresser in whose veins runs the blood of a canny Scot. On arriving at the theatre for the matinée performance of the show last Sunday, Suzy found the girl waiting on the threshold of her dressing-room. "Oh, Madame!" she exclaimed excitedly, "I've been reading an article in the paper all about superstition . . . and I see they speak about Madame, and say that in an interview Madame declares that she is not at all superstitious. I am so glad!" "What on earth does it matter to you?" asked Suzy. "Well . . . Madame will excuse me . . . but I've just broken the big mirror on Madame's dressing-table!"



The Gateway of Richmond Palace

The Georgian Group recently held a very fine exhibition of photographs at the American Embassy, illustrating some of the work of England's most famous architects, including Wren, Vanbrugh, Nash and many others. This photograph of the gateway of Richmond Palace is typical of the carefully-chosen display. The exhibition has now gone to the United States, where it will tour under the auspices of the American Federation of Arts. The Georgian Group, founded in 1937, has many distinguished men and women on its council, including Sir Osbert Sitwell, the Hon. Edward Sackville-West and Dame Una Pope-Hennessy. One of its chief aims is to save Georgian squares, terraces and streets from destruction or disfigurement. This is especially important nowadays when so many new buildings and areas are being planned to replace the ravages of the blitz.



Mrs. M. A. Dunne, of Kineton, with an alert companion



Lt.-Col. R. H. L. Brackenbury, organiser of the Show, and Col. C. H. S. Townsend, one of the judges



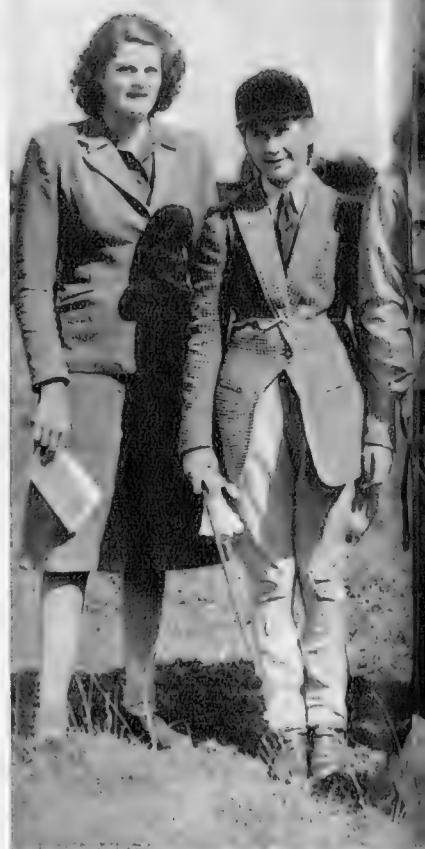
Thomas Dunne, son of Mrs. M. A. Dunne, on Pixie, in the class for best pony not exceeding 13·2 hands

WELLESBOURNE AND GY

A Popular War

Entries in various classes were from...
and Monmouthshire, and the programme...
Championship, won by Mr. H. M...

Photographs



Miss Pauline Brittain-Jones, with her mother, Lady Veronica Madd...



Viscount and Viscountess Erleigh. Lord Erleigh is the Marquess of Reading's son and heir



The Hon. Secretary, Mr. W. E. Curtis, looks out from his tent

ORSE SHOW AHANA

hire Event

er afield as Cambridge, Yorks included the Midland Jumping Jewellyn on Kilgeddin



Mariette Hornby, her
d Mrs. Brittain-Jones



Miss Pauline Brackenbury on The Major, in the class
for ponies up to 14·2 hands

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing By ...

Nobody who treasures the writings of the celebrated Prophet Baxter can agree entirely with a thinker recently declaring that the next decade will see the end of this world. This world ended—as the Prophet Baxter foretold twenty years beforehand, in a fascinating volume packed with diagrams, facts, and figures—on Tuesday, April 11, 1901, at 3 p.m.

The Beast of the Eighth Horn of the Apocalypse, who was chiefly implicated, was Prince Jerome Bonaparte. The last of the Popes, who shared his shame, was Cardinal Lucien Bonaparte. The Prophet had a terrific down on all the Bonapartes, whom he considered fiends in human shape. We once asked an elderly Parisian whose uncle used to dine in the 1890's with Princess Mathilde Bonaparte how her Imperial Highness faced her doom, and whether her guests previously noticed anything odd about her—twirly horns beneath the Imperial chignon, for instance, flames issuing from the Imperial lips, a cloven hoof in a gold brocade shoe. Nothing sinister was reported, he said. Princess Mathilde, who had a pleasing frankness—"but for the French Revolution," she would say laughingly, "I'd be selling oranges in the streets of Ajaccio"—had not been warned about the catastrophe by her butler, apparently. Nor did she take in the *Christian Herald*, a weekly journal of which the Prophet was editor.

Prophets in trousers slip up now and again, possibly. Remember this, sweethearts, when you take your next basinful of newsprint-dope.

Reaction

M^R. CHURCHILL's recent Swiss tour did not, we regret to observe, follow the lines of that ideal tour of Switzerland so urbanely outlined for King Edward VII by Max Beerbohm. For example, Mr. Churchill was not shown by the President round the principal Swiss cuckoo-clock factory, nor was he created Honorary Manager of one of the biggest Alpine hotels.

On the other hand Mr. Churchill would quite likely have failed to remark with a hearty laugh, on hearing a cuckoo-clock strike, that "the sound is like that of the cuckoo," which innovation would throw the whole programme out of gear and demoralise the Swiss entirely. They are so accustomed to getting the right reaction that we've often wondered what would have happened with some eminent but disconcerting visitor like (for example) Charles II. Possible development :

"The cuckoo-clock is now striking, Sire."
(Charles II lifts a sardonic dark eyebrow and says nothing.)
"Sire, the cuckoo-clock has just imitated the characteristic call of the cuckoo!"
"How tactless."
"Sire?"
"Never mind. What's next on the programme?"
"A milk-chocolate factory, Sire."
"We are dying to see it."
(The cortège moves on.)

It would then be the job of Killigrew, or Brockhurst, or Rochester, or one of the other back-room Court boys, to explain to their puzzled hosts the Great English Gag (cuckoo = *cocu* = cuckold) which Shakespeare loved and which Queen Victoria stopped, after some ten centuries of hearty Island laughter. Poor Swiss.

Cosy

IT'S a pleasure to be hanged by dapper little Mr. Albert Pierrepont, we gather from a Sunday paper's recent sketch of the home-life of Britain's popular public executioner, who is busy at the moment in Austria, instructing candidates for what the French so charmingly call the High Works.

Nothing could be cosier, or chummier, apparently, than Mr. Pierrepont's pub in Manchester, where he pulls beer-handles in the intervals of pulling levers. The profession has indeed developed socially since Jack Ketch's day, when the inky boys invariably referred to Britain's hangman as "the Wretch," and even accused him of cashing in on the bodies. Doubtless the polished manners (and topper) of M. Deibler, lately Executioner to the Republic, began this upward trend. When the Public Prosecutor, entering the condemned cell, uttered the traditional formula at 6 a.m., "*Du courage!*" and the traditional glass of rum was served, the elegant, tactful figure of M. Deibler hovering in the background made it quite a social occasion, they say.

Footnote

IN Joyce's *Ulysses* the shadowy figure of Mr. Rumbold, Master-Barber, one of Mr. Pierrepont's most distinguished successors, is rather shuddersome and evokes spiteful criticism ("They're all barbers from the black country that would hang their own fathers for five quid down and travelling expenses"), but Progress has changed all that, evidently. Good health, Sir.

Enigma

A MYSTERIOUS story of a 12-cwt. Cheddar related in Section IX (*Cheese*) of the Wine and Food Society's *Concise Encyclopædia of Gastronomy*, just published, seems to us, on examination, no mystery at all.

The huge cheese was made for Queen Victoria's wedding (1840), but after allowing it to be publicly exhibited her Majesty declined to take it back. A nasty scuffle among the Cheddar boys followed, and the cheese "got into Chancery and was never heard of any more." It surely takes no Freud to deduce that the lawyers gobbled it forthwith, the Lord Chancellor taking first crack and the rest of the Chancery horde getting down to it in order of precedence—Q.C.s, leaders, juniors, solicitors, clerks, tip-staffs, ushers, and so forth. In a couple of

hours nothing would be left but bits of rind. Lawyers and rats . . .

No mystery, therefore; but of course any clever crime-fiction boy could easily work it up into a nice one. You can smell some of the fragrant Somersetshire patois from here:

"I zay! How ztupid of me!" cried the laughing dairymaid. "I'm zertain I zaw Varmer Zmith zitting on a ztile looking vrightfully zick about zomething!"

and :

"It is quite inconceivable to Oi," exclaimed the farmer haughtily, "how thiccy gronnitt became covered with palpable bloodstains, unless of course some vrightful dumbledore has been down-along."

Which would bring us to a real mystery, namely how the suckers put up with what 90 per cent. of the crime-boys put across them.

Yok

WELL-BRED Nature-boys listing their favourite wildflowers invariably (we noted again last week) omit such homely rural blooms as Stinking Cromwell and Bishop's Bigamy, not to speak of those fragrant wayside flowers mentioned by Tennyson in *A Dream of Rich Women*:

Shepherd's-Toe, Pigsneeze, Verger's Burp,
Bugwhisker, Scumwort, Spotted Twirp—
What can I place at the feet of my Rose
Sweeter than Mucket and Old-Dog's-Nose?

When forced to refer to these a self-respecting Nature-boy veils them in the decent obscurity of Botanical Latin. Incidentally the tiny blue flower known as Bishop's Bigamy has a curious history, having been invented by old Mr. Chesterton, father of the great G.K., for the benefit of some grave ladies with whom he was discussing the flora of the English countryside. We bet you could deceive many botanists with *Bigamia Episcopalis Chestertonii* if you tried, though perhaps the illustrious Linneus, who went into such ecstasies over English gorse in bloom, would have been a trifle suspicious.

"Pishop's Pickamy—dot is a yoke?"

"Why do you ask?"

"I ask is it a yoke because der yoke it gifis der yim-yams."

"I'm afraid it is a joke."

"Ay tank ay go home yust now."

The mild, dreaming blue eyes have a hurt, amazed expression, like those of an even more illustrious Swede when somebody else was flattered first at Hollywood parties. Life, life, what a painful old puzzle you are.

Move

ACITIZEN with a grudge against a big provincial store for selling him a pair of unapproved trousers was said by the police to have been sentenced frequently for doing malicious damage to the store's windows. Such a naïve method of self-expression is like slapping the dome of St. Paul's to annoy the Dean.

The only practical way to revenge oneself on a big store, or any other wealthy corporation—especially oil or steel—is to get to know the wives, daughters, fiancées, or mistresses of the Chairman and directors, and to break their hearts one by one. This is called the Mañara Method, after Don Juan de Mañara, known to his many friends as The Playboy (*El Burlador*) of Seville. It requires, of course, perseverance, many of the pans involved often being excessively homely. However, Mozart, who set the whole thing to music, has provided for that under-note of aching sadness (inseparable from the art of fooling the women-folk of big business men) by a lovely theme for clarinets which everyone employing the Mañara Method can whistle or hum.

Snag

ONE possible snag should be noted. A company director may, on having the bitter news broken to him, either burst into tears or reward the person responsible with a handsome block of shares in some security of trifling importance. In this case the operator must not lose heart. If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs and blaming it on you, if you can trust yourself when all men doubt you, but make allowance—Sorry. We thought it was Speech Day.



"They keep two servants, and a shabby little car. They have a girl in the A.T.S., and a son in Greece—the man does something queer in the City. We don't know them, of course"



SHIP-TO-SHORE EXERCISE—1946 STYLE

Modern inventions invest old routines with fresh hazards, according to W/Cdr. Oakley-Beuttler's latest drawing—the conclusion of a ship-to-shore exercise by Royal Marine recruits of an Assault Unit. The vehicle chosen is that celebrated amphibian the DUKW, whose occupants appear seized with the liveliest apprehensions as to what will happen when it eventually lands (or perhaps "strikes" would be a better word). A stout rescue squad stands by, ready to give aid and succour to all, especially those who prefer to leave their vessel by unconventional means rather than wait and see what happens

Pictures in the Fire

By *Sabretache*

THE heart of the layman has leapt with joy at the announcement from Guernsey! "Haro! Haro! à l'aide, Mon Prince, on me fait tort!" may be transmogrified to something nearer to his inferior comprehension. Hopes have even been raised that it will be followed by further easements. The old Norman phrase could quite simply be changed to SOS, so why should we not go further? It suggests itself that another old Norman announcement, "Le Roy le Veult!" might be simplified to "Make it so!" the correct Naval riposte to "Aye, aye, Sir!" As I am advised, the go-ahead Service applies this even to the command "Splice the Main Brace."

But there is so much more that could be done. Who, amongst the lay population, knows what a "Cestui Qui Trust" is? To those of us outside the Law, it suggests some addle-pated loon, who is chicken-feed for the first designing knave who may happen along. In plain fact, a Cestui—the lawyers prefer to pronounce it "Cetty"—is far from that, and is usually a person who could defeat Professor Moriarty at his own game. So why not present him to us as he really is?

Squatters

THEN, again, does even the most expert of these gate-crashers know what a "Mesusage" is? I doubt it. In these times, again, how can the laymen visualise a Femme Couverte, when the obvious tendency is all the other way, even down to the Seventh Veil? Simplification seems long overdue. Bailment, Equity of Redemption, Ad Captandum, De Bene Esse are all so puzzling. Where the last is concerned, why not reduce it to "Why the . . . ?"

To proceed! The legal fiction "Me learned friend" surely ought to be discontinued, because everyone knows perfectly well what is in the mind of counsel on the other side. So why not out with it plump and plain? There is also that other legal fiction, the things that counsel say to jurymen about His Lordship. Jurors, after all, are human beings and they know exactly what is behind it . . . "that old dope on the Bench will try to tell you the Law on the subject if he knows it."

Other Offenders

LAWSYERS are not alone in their tiresome ways of trying to bemuse us with technicalities and Latiny aphorisms. Take golfers! Who that does not know a gutty ba' from a football is quite clear as to what "Dormy One" means? It might be taken to apply to Airborne before Tommy Lowrey gave him the office. Mashie, niblick and spoon are very confusing to the non-golfer, and may suggest culinary utensils. And racers, and even hunting people, are just as bad. "Got up right under the judge's box" suggests that race-horses are as good as moles; and "The nasty nappy brute, give him a gallop and next morning you could throw your hat through him!"; "swallowed the poker and won't stop this side of Tibet"; "hooks," "plugs," "skins," "dish," "plate," "cosh," and so many more cryptic things are howling for simplification, and are quite as bad as anything the most subtle legal mind can evolve. Plain and Basic for ever!

The Unwary

AS if the road he has to wander in were not already sufficiently beset with pitfall and with gin (the kind with teeth), it was noticeable during those last three or four weeks before the St. Leger that there was produced almost daily some snare calculated to enmesh his faltering feet. We had a new "possible" trotted out for inspection every morning with our coffee and our kipper and our marmalade, and in many cases we heard that it had been backed to good money.

Fast and Fair, for instance, in spite of what everybody with eyes in his head must have seen in the Stuntney Stakes, was one of them. Then Edward Tudor was produced, in spite of what was apparent in the Derby. He jumped in eleven points, mainly, as it must be presumed, because the talented Head Waiter was up, and some professional backer had a "hunch." He was backed in one hand to win about £15,000 on the day of the "hunch," and goodness knows how many smaller fishes followed in the wake of the whale. A good many, I should say, for that sort of fever is most contagious.

Then we were told that the claims of Croupier and Anwar demanded our careful consideration. There was almost a detonating bang in one of these cases. On what? Nirgal was a quite permissible "possible," because we knew so little, and the astute gentleman from his country ought to have known so much. There was the best of trying tackle, and the majority of the Frenchmen were pretty cocksure, knowing very well what their long-distance horses had done this season. We were bound to take notice. On the course his friends piled it on him for a place, so the news of his trial must have been very well known to them. Little Gulf Stream and White Jacket were also on the excusable list. The former had only the Eclipse in the right side of the scales, but his breeding franked him, and the Leger might have been run to suit him, just as the Stuntney Stakes were run to suit the game and attractive-looking Fast and Fair. About White Jacket there was the hard-luck story from the Derby, but the Leger showed quite plainly that appearances had yet once again proved a bit deceptive, and I do not believe that many people saw what happened to him going down the hill to Tattenham Corner. White Jacket is said to have been thrown clean off his balance. He had no such misfortune in the Leger, and he was amongst the slain quite a long way from home. Yet he was produced to us as a "very probable."

Resourceful "Enemy"

IT has usually been found that our friends the Enemy are quite capable of looking after themselves, and that if they are "bad" about the favourite or any other horse, and sorely in need of some more field money, they are fully aware of the obvious ways and means of getting the ship back on to a level keel again. Incidentally, they would be very bad bookmakers if they did not know.

Nothing was produced as a possible defeater of Marsy II. in the Doncaster Cup. Mürren has been made favourite for the Cesarewitch on the strength of his valiant challenge in the St. Leger, but it is perhaps as well to remember that the distance of the big race at Newmarket is 2½ miles, and that the little more makes such a tremendous difference. Reynard Volant, who has earned his spurs, is at 14-1, and I should think may possibly commend himself to many before the gate goes up for the Long Dart. Mürren's trainer, incidentally, has thrown out a doubt as to whether he will be started for the Cesarewitch, and he must have very good reasons for expressing a doubt because he knows a great deal more than you or I. However, the race is a good way off at the moment, and we can afford to sit on the splice for a bit longer.

We have had such a deluge of racing this season that, like a famous M.F.H. when asked what next he would like after having devoured almost everything at Mr. Marmaduke Muley-grubs' dinner-party, said, "I'll take breath!" Even Gargantua would have had all his time taken up to swallow all that has been on our racing menu, and we have more than amply made up for the short commons to which we were condemned in the times when every other minute they threw a doodle-bug at us.



Forbes, Dundee

The Tyro

Kirsty Drummond-Hay, aged three, being instructed by her mother, Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, of Seggieden, Perthshire, in the fine art of sitting a horse



Dean, Grantham

A Kennel Reception

Puppies at the Ashwell, Oakham, kennels welcome their young visitors, brought to see them by the new Joint-Master of the Cottesmore, Colonel Cyril Heber-Percy. He is seen on the right with his son Bill



In Japan

A group of officers of 91 Air Stores Park who are with the Occupation Force in Japan. Standing: F/O. G. H. Jansen, F/O. W. J. Brown, F/O. G. R. Crake. Sitting: F/Lt. J. R. Stanforth, S/Ldr. D. A. de S. Young-James (C.O.), S/Ldr. Rev. R. J. Allen (C. of E. padre)

SCOREBOARD



"I SHOULD like a game of billiards." Whose famous last words are these? Get busy, someone, and find out. I could do with a game myself; on an old pub table, with pockets fed by channels down which the homing ball careers with a roar like Mrs.

MacPhaltee doing the Pas Seul in the Double Strathspey. If you will remove your can of mild from the jaws of the pocket, Mr. Cripes, I will try a short jenny.

How far the game has travelled since the days when high-born ladies, weary of planning elopements and new coiffures, urged contemptible pellets round pocketless tables with cues like rakes for anaemic croupiers. Ah, bien cannoné, Monsieur le fainéant Marquis. Yet billiards remains the aristocrat of indoor games.

John Roberts, incomparable showman, introduced each session with a bow fit for an Ambassador at the Court of St. James's. Snooker has ousted billiards as a public exhibition; but snooker bears the same relation to the parent game as Golf Croquet to the real thing. It is a concession to the violence and haste of the age; to our declining intelligence and patience.

How restful it was to pass from the roar of Piccadilly into the padded calm of Thurston's; Inman v. Reece. Rattling efficiency v. exquisite artistry. Reece experimenting delicately with those close cannons which Walter Lindrum was later to bring to perfection; Inman, in the shadows, watching the fancy-work with immobile contempt, then almost igniting the cushions with forcing losers from hand, applying the chalk for screw-backs half the length of the table; Charles Chambers, white-gloved, adenoidal, accurate, returning Inman's white after reproachful inspection for possible fissures.

THOSE were the last days of Leicester Square. Now, it might be any Square in any big town. Automobile offices stare where Sir Joshua Reynolds's house stood. A picture-house like a cubist factory has supplanted the Alhambra, where George Robey was once the Only Boy in the World. The benches remain, where citizens may read of their errors in the 2.30. But the new Thurston's will be devoted to Snooker. Supposing W. W. Jacobs had called his story *In the Snooker Pool Room*. Gone would have been the mystery, the tone. What a king of phrase he was. "She had lost her good looks and found others." And we gape at our modern wise-crackers.

WORPLESDON, where the County Cricketers' Golfing Society has revived its annual meeting, had a wise architect in that the fourth hole restores the easily depressed or thirsty player to the club-house. Freddy Calthorpe, once cricket captain of Warwickshire, was one of the Society's founders. A scratch player, he never allowed the game to bear heavily upon him, and an echoing laugh heard beyond the woods at the eleventh would probably mean that he had missed a two-footer on the first green.

Historians, in idle moments, like to record the cricketers whose batting style has lent itself to excellence at golf. Worthier of note, I feel, are the cricketers who could never have cracked 200 on a miniature course. Among them is Jack White, the Somerset and England left-hand bowler. We once handed him an iron on a private course near Horsham. The only time he raised the ball, it flew past backward point through the east window of his host's conservatory. "What's the matter with this —— ball?" asked Jack.

R.C.Roberts Glasgow.



The judges, Mr. Tom Miles, Col. Lord Barnby, C.M.G., Mr. C. H. S. Cooper and Major S. C. Deed, at the Woodcote (Epsom) Hunter Trials at Highfield Farm, near Epsom, recently. The trials attracted about seventy-five entries and performances were of a high standard, although weather conditions were very poor



Sir Louis Greig, Deputy Ranger of Richmond Park (the King is Senior Ranger), with his daughter Jean, formerly a Senior Commander in the A.T.S.



Mrs. R. J. Neill clearing the last fence easily in the Novices Class. The course was a double loop of one mile, with nine bush fences



Col. and Mrs. B. Angus talking to Miss J. Spraggon, one of the competitors



Mrs. Stuart-Hunt with her son Branne and Miss Pat Saunders

Woodcote Hunter Trials near Epsom

Successful Despite Bad Weather



A Brilliant Film Director

Brian Desmond Hurst, forty-six-year-old Irishman, is one of the select band of film directors whose pictures linger in the memory. "Dangerous Moonlight," "Alibi," "The Night of the Fire," and now "Theirs is the Glory" are all from his hand, and he has just completed the film version of Daphne du Maurier's "Hungry Hill" for Two Cities. He is seen in the studio of his beautiful home in Kinnerton Street, London, sorting out figures for an old toy theatre which he proposes giving to Vivien Leigh

ELIZABETH BOWEN'S BOOK REVIEWS

"The River Road"

"Mainly on the Air"

"Judgment in Suspense"

IN America, Frances Parkington Keyes enjoys an august position on the best-seller lists. Her name works magic—here, it is less well-known. Or, should I say more strictly, she is not "fashionable." But this, I discovered, does not alter the fact that Mrs. Parkington Keyes is in steady demand in England: she sells to the limit of her publisher's capacity to print her. Continuously, succulently and with profound enjoyment she is lapped up by that part of the British public who may not know much about books but always knows what it likes.

I estimate that we have quite a group of novelists who are in this position—who are consumed in silence. In the suburbs? In the provinces? In outlying parts of the Empire? In the glassed-in lounges of residential or holiday hotels, where the fortunate, untroubled by the demands of the outside world, read, and knit while they read, from after lunch till the time for a little stroll, from after tea till they ascend in the lift to put on something dressier for dinner, from after dinner till bedtime, in bed till sleep.

Reading, in this manner, is the main and blameless vice of the leisured British who have

no particular social role to play. When I say reading, I mean novel-reading; and when I say novels I mean those of the type brought to perfection by Mrs. Parkington Keyes; and when I say readers I mean, principally, women.

"THE RIVER ROAD" (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 10s. 6d.) is the latest example of this remarkable woman's work. Coming late into the fold of her readers, I have only made the acquaintance of one other, *Also the Hills*, which I remember reviewing in these pages. I found *Also the Hills* almost as agitating as *The Fairchild Family*: it was full of disasters and retributions, and such characters who displayed either malice or vanity were either dead before the end of the story or else wishing they had never been born. The tale, with its alternately religio-lyrical and harrowing moral scenes, was, however, written in a tone of bustling, shrewd, all-embracing matronly common sense.

Matronly, and at times definitely cosy, this American authoress certainly is. This, along with the impression she gives one of having everything under control, must, I think,

be her most stable charm. She may be relied on not to rattle the reader. (Being harrowed is quite another thing: many of us rather enjoy that.) When she has made one weep, she quickly passes one across an extra, clean handkerchief, with a sort of reassuring twinkle and nod. She never walks out on one. I am sure that must be what so many hundreds of thousands of readers, themselves rather apprehensive and nervous, cling to and like in Mrs. Parkington Keyes.

FAMILY life is her great subject; religion is unobtrusively but constantly present, and she glamorises ideals and maternity. She herself is, I take it, a Roman Catholic; but she manages to suggest that it really does not matter *what* you are so long as you are truly good—this is an attractive and soothing notion. She also writes about sex (or, at least, about situations arising from it) in a manner "fearless" but not "unpleasant." In *The River Road* there are at least three extremely passionate characters—Gervais d'Alverny, his sister Cresside, their neighbour, Sylvestre Tremaine. Merry Randall, the former typist at a Baton Rouge stores (the

locale of *The River Road* is the banks of the Mississippi), might have felt, when brought as a bride to Belle Heloise, that she had landed in an asylum. But, as a sweet, sane girl she kept her head, and ended by influencing everyone into paths of sanity.

The sin of the d'Alverys family is hauteur. Gervais, a returned hero of World War I. (the story opens in April 1919), is altogether too overbearing in his dealings with everyone; his mother, Mme. d'Alvery, as a result of having taken umbrage against life, has retired to bed permanently; and Cresside, a Southern belle with post-war neurosis, attempts to go to the devil because she is crossed in love. The Belle Heloise household needs a sweet, saving influence: it is Gervais who, promptly realising this, dashes into Baton Rouge and brings home Merry. I think it is the stress Mrs. Parkington Keyes lays on the possibility of a woman's being a power for good which makes her so popular with her women readers. Almost every woman entertains this day-dream—plus the hope of not only being able to disentangle other people's destinies, but of being afterwards thanked.

Is Style Necessary?

"*THE RIVER ROAD*" is a case of compelling, all but hypnotic story-telling without breath or trace of what I should call "style." It is not that our authoress writes in a silly, affected way; and she is, of course, faultlessly literate. All I mean is, that she streams and clatters along, overstuffed her sentences, hammering in her points—endlessly explanatory but not vivid. Given the romantic appeal and interest of her scene—these great Creole, sugar-plantation estates and houses—she could hardly have made, visually, less of it, or produced less atmosphere. Here is an early paragraph:

No wonder that Hazel, sauntering over to the dingy window of the crowded cubby-hole where she and Merry did their typing at adjacent clattering machines, said to herself, rather resentfully, that her sarcasm seemed to fall flat. Merry could certainly afford to ignore it. Because everyone had now seen the meeting of her and Gervais at the station. Everyone had known from the avidity with which he seized her in his arms and pressed his face down against hers, and from the lingering reluctance with which he finally released her, with what fervour and intensity he returned her love. Everyone knew that he would rather have gone straight home with her to the jerry-built little bungalow on St. Napoleon Street, where she lived with her shrewish mother, and their eccentric lodger, Miss Mittie Alden, than to have been borne away on the shoulders of cheering men to the music of a big brass band. . . .

Style isn't merely a matter of making a sentence shapely; it's a matter of adding something further, by implication, to what the sentence says. Though I may not consciously read for style, I find it hard to finish a book that lacks it. Yet I lolloped along to the end of *The River Road*. I must ask some Parkington Keyes fan to tell me why.

"Max" on the Air

DOES affection lead one to take liberties? To most of us, Sir Max Beerbohm will never be anything but "Max": I find it hard to think of him—or to speak of him—in any other way. Nor can I see him as one of the few survivors of what one really did mean by civilisation—rather, civilisation survives in him. Irony, smilingness, manner, manners (the plural being rarer, these days, than the singular), an adorably unsplendid malice, a lyrical feeling for the absurd. . . . *Mainly on the Air* (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.) is a collection of broadcasts and essays. A new Max Beerbohm book!

The division is more or less half-and-half—the broadcasts, it would appear, form the greater part. As broadcasts (regarding broadcasting as an art) they were about as perfect as anything we have had—to have missed hearing any one of the six could but have been a matter of great regret. They were, I see here, spaced out

BOWEN ON BOOKS

over ten years (1935-1945), and were generally given on Sunday evenings. The fortunate former listener and unfortunate absentee will be equally glad to have these broadcasts in print—the author himself, he tells us, feels some misgivings.

They [the broadcasts] were composed for the ears of listeners; and though, of course, a writer should always write not less for the ear than for the eye of the reader, he does not, in writing for the ear only, express himself in just the way that would be his if he were writing for the eye as well. He trusts the inflections of the voice to carry the finer shades of his meaning and of his feeling. He does not take the customary pains to make mere typography leave no barrier between his reader and him. I would therefore take the liberty of advising you to read these broadcasts aloud to yourself—or ask some friend to read them aloud to you.

But oh! how, and where, do I find the friend whose voice has the inflections to carry those "finer shades"? And as for hearing my own voice! I confess to reading the broadcasts silently to myself. I cannot feel that "London Revisited," "Speed," "A Small Boy Seeing Giants," "Music Halls of My Youth," "Advertisements" or "Play-going" do really lose by that process all that "Max" fears they may.

In the second half "Fenestraria" (in praise of windows) crowns a small group of essays in the perfected manner of *More, Yet Again and And Even Now*.

Problem Mother

"*JUDGMENT IN SUSPENSE*" (Dent; 8s. 6d.) has a theme in itself ingenious, and ideally suited to its author's, Gerald Bullett's, pen. The conscientious headmaster of a modern co-educational school is confronted, one Sunday afternoon, by a delinquent parent wishing to see her child: he himself has instructions to see that this does not happen. The handsome, disturbing young woman who presents herself at the school door as "Mrs. Shenley" is the mother of nine-year-old Stuart Adscombe, and has been divorced—under circumstances which deprived her of any right to Stuart. The boy's father is dead: a dragon-like and fanatical maiden aunt, Julia Adscombe, is now Stuart's guardian and controls his destiny.

Is this judgment—and, still more, the means used to enforce it—inhuman, or is it morally right? As things stand, little Stuart is a bad nervous case—panicked by the very name of his mother. His father, one had been told, died heart-broken after the divorce: he had been a distinguished, widely-admired man of, some said, saint-like beauty of character. At the same time, according to Mrs. Shenley, he had proved revengeful and bitter in the extreme. Is Mrs. Shenley a wrecker, or was her husband a prig? What part had Aunt Julia played in the break-up? Heywood (the headmaster) finds himself in a predicament of the conscience; to which is added the fact, which he can hardly ignore, that he himself is attracted by Stuart's mother. How far Heywood's frequentation of Mrs. Shenley, for the purpose of sifting out the truth of her story, is due to professional interest in her son, his pupil, he—and we—cannot, till the end, decide.

Versions

HEYWOOD's investigations take up the greater part of a summer holiday spent at his London club. Friends of the late Richard Adscombe help to build up, for Heywood, a picture of that apparently injured man. Julia, the spinster sister, compiles a document letter. Even the headmaster, reluctantly, obtains the unsavoury details of the divorce. Against this evidence, all more or less damning, he has nothing to set except his instinctive belief in Olive Shenley—but, is she a siren; is she (as they all warn him) in Heywood's case exerting her wiles again? . . . I only put forward one criticism of this excellent novel: I do not find Julia Adscombe a "possible" character. Or, at least, compared to the rest, she is overdrawn. Otherwise, *Judgment in Suspense* is Mr. Bullett at his best—few other novelists could have handled this difficult theme so well.



Geoffrey Bennison, twenty-three, son of Mrs. Arthur Bennison, designed the "Covent Garden" murals for the Fashion Hall



Twenty-two-year-old John Richardson, son of the late Sir Wodehouse Richardson and Lady Richardson, was responsible for two of the sets



F. J. Goodman
James Bailey, son of Lieut.-Colonel F. G. and Lady Janet Bailey, is one of the three designers of the Fashion Hall at the "Britain Can Make It" Exhibition.

Three Young Designers



Gartside—Etchells

Major Timothy Neville Gartside, M.B.E., R.E., elder son of Lt.-Col. Gartside, D.S.O., married Miss Barbara Dunbar Etchells, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Etchells, at St. Alban's Abbey. The Rev. T. Wingfield Heale officiated



Findlay-Shirras—Johnsen

Major Richard G. Findlay-Shirras, the Gordon Highlanders, elder and only surviving son of Prof. and Mrs. G. Findlay-Shirras, of Ballater, Aberdeenshire, married Miss Yolaine E. C. Johnsen, fourth daughter of the late Mr. Oscar C. Johnsen, and of Mrs. E. Adams, of Bickley, Kent



Hanbury—Smalley

Capt. Peter Francis Hanbury, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Hanbury, of Green End House, Ware, Herts, married Miss Evelyn Margaret Hannah (Peggy) Smalley, only daughter of the late Mr. Reginald Smalley, and of Mrs. T. Openshaw-Coupe, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Trevelyan-Thomson—Thursby-Pelham

Major Peter Trevelyan-Thomson, son of the late Mr. Walter Trevelyan-Thomson, M.P., and of Mrs. Trevelyan-Thomson, of The Cottage, Bosham, Chichester, married Miss Lola Thursby-Pelham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brian Thursby-Pelham, of Dolphin Square, S.W.1



Way—Richmond McLaren, Perth

Capt. Anthony Way, M.C., Grenadier Guards, son of Major and Mrs. Way, of Badminton House, Bucks, married Miss Elizabeth Richmond, youngest daughter of Major and Mrs. George Richmond, of Kincairney, Perthshire, at St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth



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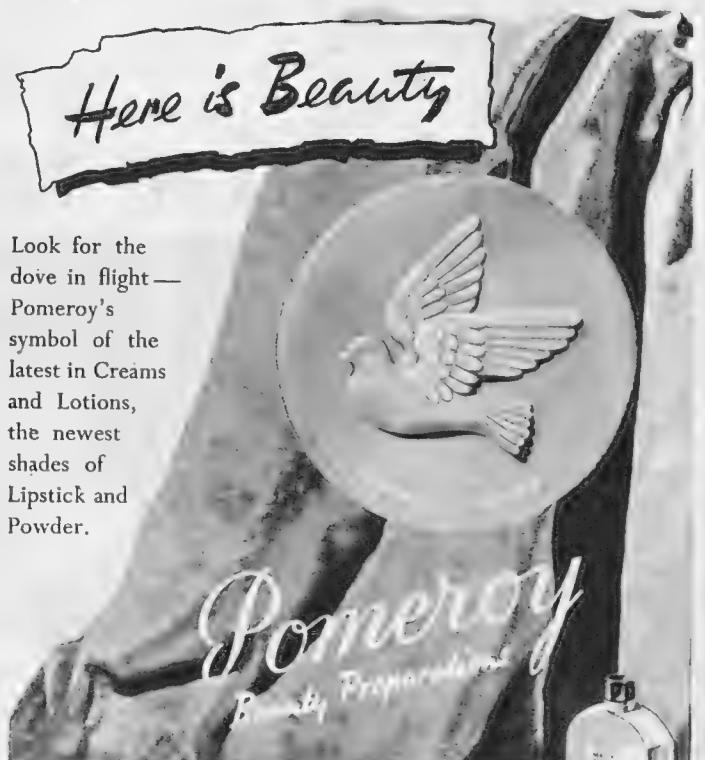
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Jean Lorimer's Page

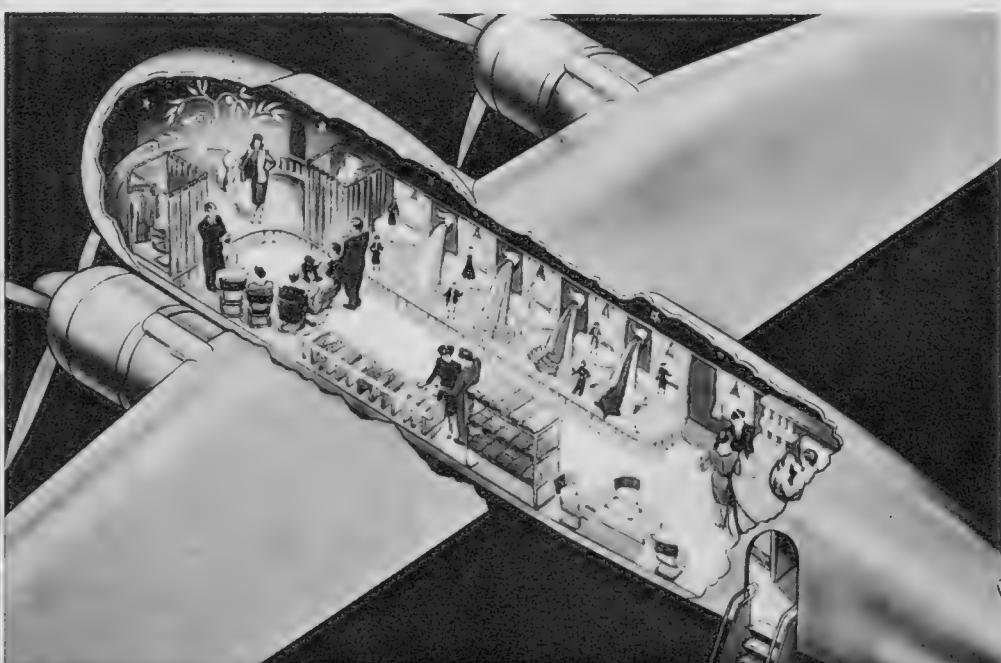


Matita's woven tweed suit in red, natural
and blue-grey



A hooded, boxy, hip-length top-coat is
worn over the suit Peter Clark

AIR TRAVEL MAKES BRITISH FASHION INTERNATIONAL



A Bristol "Freighter" aircraft has made air history by carrying the first freight cargo across the North Atlantic by way of Iceland, Greenland and Newfoundland. Aboard were a selection of the latest autumn models made by Matita. The great commercial possibilities of such cargo-carrying aircraft as the "Freighter" open out a new world of opportunity for British fashion. The picture above (on the right) gives an idea of how the interior of the aircraft can be equipped as a showroom. On the left are three of the suits which formed part of the first collection sent in this manner to Montreal.

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Oliver Stewart on FLYING



The Experimental Lancastrian fitted with Nene jets and Merlin engines, flying on the jets alone. Oliver Stewart emphasizes the extreme comfort of this form of travel

fare to go in those jet air liners. A company which jumped to jets would take all the traffic.

Note, I am not discussing speed. In the end the jet-driven machines will be much faster than the others. But that is not my present point. It is that the pleasure of jet air travel is superior not only to piston engine air travel, but to all other kinds of travel, by land, sea or air. No one can ride for half an hour in that jet-driven Lancastrian without realizing that, if England is to reap the benefit from her lead in these engines, we must get jet air liners into service immediately. Rolls-Royce, and especially the development section at Hucknall, deserve much credit for a valuable demonstration.

Trying Out the Newcomers

IT was a good idea to arrange for the de Havilland 108 to be put over the three kilometres speed course

at Rustington. The course was there for Donaldson's and Waterton's Meteors, and with the sighting posts set up and surveyed and the special ciné and still camera equipment in place, it was clearly an opportunity for timed runs.

The special value of such runs is that the observation is independent of the aircraft itself. Aircraft performance is normally observed partly by instruments in the aircraft. The pilot may read them and note down the figures or the instruments may record automatically. But they are in the aircraft.

Now long experience of measuring speed and climb and range indicates that observations made in the aircraft are not always trustworthy. The whole process must be done from outside. And that is just what the *Fédération Aéronautique Internationale* world record rules require.

After it had been decided to put the DH108 over the course, the suggestion was made that the new Vickers-Armstrong jet fighter should also make timed runs. That also is a sound suggestion if the aircraft is ready. We shall then get full value out of this course. At Rustington and Tangmere the news that young Geoffrey de Havilland was coming down with the 108 relieved the gloom that the sustained bad weather had created.

Weather Secrecy

GENERALLY the arrangements for distributing information at Tangmere were fair, but there were ridiculous reticences on the part of the meteorological officials, one of whom seemed to think that the one object in life should be not to commit oneself or let a soul know what the weather prospects were.

The result was waste of time and money for many people. I suppose the meteorologists' idea was that if they gave away to the Press what they thought the weather would be they might be horribly wrong. But they are so often wrong that it would not have mattered. As it was, there was no sort of weather guidance. We waited from hour to hour and no one seemed to know if the likelihood of good weather was greater or less.

PLEASURE is one of the few things for which there is no price-ceiling. Make air travel really pleasurable and the economics can be ignored. In the past we have tried very hard to persuade ourselves that air travel is pleasant. Now we can admit that it is abominably unpleasant. And the reason the confession can be made is concerned with the Lancastrian which Rolls-Royce have fitted with two Nene turbojets in place of the two outer Merlin engines—the two inboard Merlins being retained.

This Lancastrian is the first aeroplane in the world capable of demonstrating to air passengers what flying in a jet-driven machine is like. The Rolls-Royce people let me go up in it—piloted by Captain R. T. Shepherd—at Hucknall the other day, and when Shepherd shut off the two Merlins, feathered the air-screws, and flew on the two Nene jets, I realized for the first time in thirty-three years of aviation what a frightful rattletrap the piston engine is.

Passenger is Judge

IT must be remembered that the pilot of an aircraft is not in a position correctly to assess things like noise and vibration. His attention is fully occupied. But the passenger is keenly aware of these things. When the Lancastrian was on the Nenes, it moved like an arrow, smoothly and almost noiselessly. When the Merlins opened up again before landing, the banging, clattering, vibration, shudder and general noise was almost unbelievable.

Can we, I asked myself, have put up with this racket all these years? Yet Merlins are among the smoothest piston engines there are. Moreover, the Lancastrian was going nearly as fast on the two Nenes, partly opened up, as it goes on four Merlins all-out.

Magic Carpet

WE are only beginning to see what a revolution the turbojet engine is causing. If there were competition on the British air lines there is no doubt somebody would have jet-driven air liners in service within a year. And I say categorically that passengers would be ready and anxious to pay three times the

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THE LANGUAGE OF FASHION



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Aristoc



RISTOCRAT OF STOCKINGS



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A half-wild zebra disturbed while having its morning dust-bath
on the slopes of Mount Kenya, East Africa

Game Warden—talking ABOUT ANIMALS

ONE of the prettiest sights that greets the traveller on his arrival in East Africa, when travelling up country, is the herds of zebra—sometimes as big as a thousand head.

These "African horses" continue grazing on the vast Athi Plain, across which the train runs on its way to Nairobi from Mombasa, in full sight and quite unconcerned. Only if the train should stop do they raise their heads, and, if alarmed, the whole herd gallops off in a cloud of dust.

The common zebra has rather a rough time, really; it breeds prolifically, but it does not find "safety in numbers," for it is the lion's favourite meat dish, and also that of the carnivorous cats. In addition, white hunters regard the zebra as fair game for feeding their captures. Contrary to general belief, the natives do not eat much wild game, buck or zebra, but during the war the meat shortage was so great that it was met by the slaughter of many thousand head of game for prisoners of war rations.

There are three species of the zebra, whose beautiful stripes are familiar

to most of us. There is the common mountain species; the Grevy and the Burchell—rarer types. The Grevy is the hardier of these latter, and most prized by the zoos of the world; it also tames more easily than the others.

The ordinary zebra does not take kindly to captivity—in fact, white hunters find that for no apparent reason the zebra, unless captured very young indeed, dies in a few days in spite of the greatest care. Nothing seems wrong with it, but it seems to have the uncanny power of committing self-destruction if necessary!

Zebra like the open country and appear to post sentinels to give the alarm while the rest of the herd grazes in peace. Nevertheless, with all their precautions, the lion and the leopard never go short of their evening meal!

It's a grand sight to see a stampede of hundreds of zebra, the big fellows galloping along in the rear, with dozens of foals in front with their mares, the little ones' legs going all out to keep up with the party!

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

A COMMERCIAL traveller decided suddenly that he would come home in the middle of the week instead of at the end. He sent a telegram to his wife and took the next train. On his arrival home he found his wife in the arms of another man. Furious, he left the house, took rooms at the local hotel, and announced that he would apply for a divorce.

The next day his father-in-law called to try to smooth things over.

"I'm quite sure my daughter has an explanation for her behaviour," he said. "Look here, will you wait until tomorrow before you do anything about the divorce?"

The husband agreed reluctantly. On the morrow his father-in-law was back again, beaming all over his face.

"I knew Dorothy would have an explanation," he said, patting the husband on the back. "She didn't get your telegram."

THE odd things the Japs do with the English language have been a source of continual amusement to the American occupation forces. Recently, however, they ceased to amuse several Red Cross girls who had a private house in Yokohama with a Japanese butler, named George. Having served as a steward on passenger liners before the war, he insisted on calling all visitors "passengers." The doorbell would ring, George would answer it, climb the stairs, and announce, "Miss So-and-So, you have three passengers."

Finally, one girl spent a half-hour coaching him over and over again: "Not passengers, George. Callers, or visitors or something like that." That evening the doorbell rang, and George trotted upstairs to announce two male guests. Proud of his newly acquired knowledge, and anxious to show off before company, he poised at the top of the stairs and bellowed: "Miss Smith, you have two customers."

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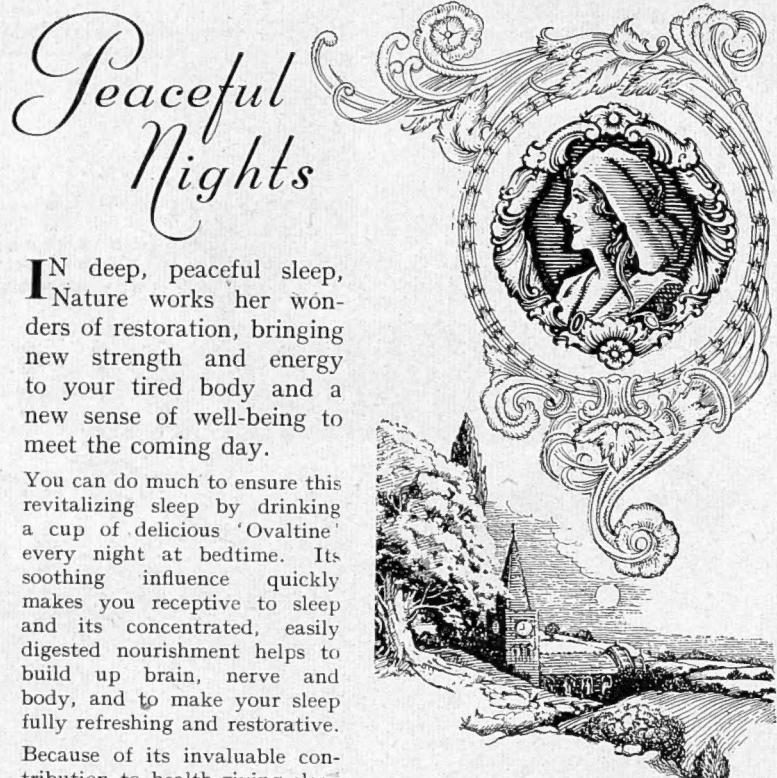
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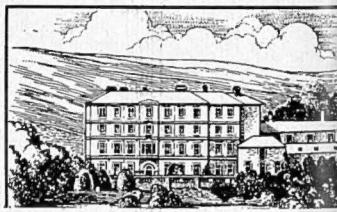
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